



TERENCE'S FAREWELL

So my Kathleen, you'er going to leave me;
Al' a'one by myself in his place,
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
Oh no, for there's truth in that face,
Though England's a beautiful City
Full of elegant boys, oh, what then,
You wouldn't forget poor Terence,

You'll come back to old Ireland again
Och, those English deceivers by nature,
Tho, may be you'll think them sincere
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature
But don't you believe them my dear,
No, Kathleen, agra, don't be minding,
The flattering speeches they'll make,
Just tell them a poor lad in Ireland,

Is breaking his heart for your sake
It's folly to keep you from going,
Tho' faith it's a mighty hard case,
For Kathleen you know here's no knowing
When next I shall see your sweet face,
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be off then
You'll be speaking such beautiful English

Sure I won't know my Kathleen again
Aye now, where's the need of this hurry,
Don't fluster me so in this way,
I so get, 'twixt the grief & the flurry,
Every word I was meaning to say,
Now just wait a minute I bid ye,
Can I talk if you bother me so;
Oh, Kathleen my blessing go wld ye,
Euery inch of the way that you go;

